

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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THE LEND A HAND DRAMATIC CLUB OF GREATER BOSTON.

READY TO PRESENT SHAKESPEARE'S "TWELFTH NIGHT."

This club gives a play each year to secure funds for their donations to Hale House, Girls' Vacation Camp, the Y. W. C. A. and the Red Cross, Dr. Grenfell's work, the Lend a Hand central office, and the support of a French orphan. They keep an Emergency Fund for special appeals and relief work. Last year their play, besides netting a good sum for their club, was twice presented in Boston for the Smith Unit, securing \$1,357.

WATCH FOR THE LEND A HAND NUMBER OF THE BEACON.

The First Day of School.

BY BAYARD D. YORK.

HELEN STRONG opened the paper which she had received at Sunday school.

"Oh, dear!" she murmured. "To-morrow is the first day of school!"

She began to read, but the words of the story did not hold her attention. She was still thinking of school and of why she dreaded it.

She found it very hard to make friends. Her half-hearted advances were usually either snubbed or ignored by the other girls. She knew just how she would stand around at school, feeling sort of left out of things, trying to think what she ought to say—and then usually saying the wrong thing!

She turned past the story and began to read some of the articles on the following pages. Suddenly she straightened with interest.

"Why!" she exclaimed. "That might have been written just for me! I wonder!"

She read the article over again; and then, closing her eyes, she repeated some of the sentences, as nearly as she could remember them.

"It says that the way to forget one's self is to think of others," she said. "The way to make friends is to be friendly. And the way to be friendly is to try to cheer away the troubles that other people have. Any one can have a lot of friends if he tries to spread cheer and comfort in the world, for everybody needs cheer and comfort."

Helen pondered for a minute.

"Everybody?" she questioned. "Even girls and boys in school? Well—some of

them do. May Cone's brother died this summer just as he was about to come home from France. And Elizabeth Morley's father and mother do not live together—that must be hard for Elizabeth. And then there's"—

Her mind trailed off into vague regions. Presently she was thinking of Jimmy Lange, the hunchback with the white pinched face who was pluckily earning his way through school, and of Bob Worthington, at whose awkward ways and patched clothes the girls sometimes giggled thoughtlessly. And she had never said a kind, cheering word to either of them!

"You've been a big stick, Helen Strong," she told herself severely. "You haven't been a bit of good in the world. It's time somebody stuck a pin in you!"

As Helen walked toward school the next morning she saw Clara Benton ahead of her. Clara had lost a year of school when an attack of measles had been followed by a nervous breakdown; and on at least two occasions she had lost prizes that would have almost surely been hers had not sickness kept her out of the competition. She was a senior now, and ordinarily Helen would have avoided her, believing that a senior would not especially care to talk to a second-year girl. But to-day she was not thinking of class distinctions. She hurried along and caught up with Clara.

"Feeling pretty well?" she asked.

"Yes—for a wonder," Clara answered.

Usually Helen would have relapsed into silence at this point—and then felt ignored if Clara failed to renew the conversation; but to-day she was determined to spread the gospel of good cheer.

"I'll bet you are going to take all the

honors and prizes in the catalogue this year," she said. "I wish I had a mind like yours."

Clara smiled as she replied to this—and Helen, noticing the smile, was pleased. They were approaching the school grounds now. Helen saw Elizabeth Morley coming from the opposite direction.

"I want to speak to Elizabeth," she said—and ran along to meet her. "Hello!" she called.

"Hello!" Elizabeth answered with a slightly defiant look on her face. "You needn't walk with me if you don't want to."

"Wh-what?" gasped Helen.

"Maybe you haven't heard," Elizabeth replied. "Two of the girls who had heard just passed right by me without speaking."

"Heard what?" Helen asked.

"My father has received a divorce," the other girl said. "Mother could have prevented his getting it, but she thought it was better not to contest it."

"And because of that the girls wouldn't speak to you?" Helen asked. "Why, I think they were mean snobs! I know your mother isn't to blame—and even if she were, that's no reason why anybody should blame you. It seems to me that if there's anybody in this school who is too tony to speak to you, you can get along all right without them!"

"Thank you!"

The tone was not as full of responsiveness as Helen had expected, and she wondered a little—till she glanced up and saw that there were tears in Elizabeth's eyes. Then she understood the restrained tone.

And all at once she was very thankful that she had read that little article and that she had stopped being a worthless stick. Why, the world needed her—there

were little battles of gloom against cheer going on all around her in which her help was needed to bring cheer out ahead!

At recess Helen stood in the dressing-room with a little circle of girls. Usually she would have felt out-of-place in the crowd; but to-day she was trying to get a word with May Cone—and she was not thinking of herself at all.

"Oh, that's the way they are, you know," some one was saying. "The teachers aren't human, anyway!"

The teachers! The word put a new idea into Helen's mind. Did the teachers ever have troubles, she wondered? Well—the article said "everybody."

She was still pondering this new idea as she went to her Latin class. Latin was Helen's worst subject—at once the least interesting and the hardest for her.

But her new teacher, Miss Twombly, seemed to be different from her last year's teacher. She had a certain animation and vigor in presenting the subject that Helen liked, and she did not seem to be entirely bound up in declensions and tenses and things like that. She gave the class a vivid picture of the old Romans and of some of the things which they had done for the world.

And yet Helen felt that the teacher spoke with some effort; and now and then she noted a troubled look in her eyes.

At the end of the period Helen hesitated; and then, as the others were leaving the room, she stepped to the desk.

"I enjoyed that lesson, Miss Twombly," she said. "I think I am going to like Latin this year."

Miss Twombly's face lighted up in a really remarkable way.

"I'm so glad," she said. "I tried to make the lesson interesting, but it was very hard to-day because my mother is very sick. We are afraid that she will—no live."

"Oh!" said Helen. "I am so sorry. I hope she will get well again."

As Helen was walking home after school, slowly and thoughtfully, Bob Worthington passed her in awkward haste.

"Hello!" she called. "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"Why—er—nowhere special," he replied, stopping abruptly.

"Have a good time this summer?" she asked, as she walked along with him.

"Dunno as you'd call it that exactly," he said. "You know I worked on the farm."

"There must be some fun in that," Helen remarked.

"There is!" he exclaimed with animation. "I like to see things grow. I've got some corn that's nine feet and eleven inches high—I've got to make it grow another inch!"

As Helen walked on by herself after leaving him at the corner, she smiled a little. Bob had gone down the street whistling—and she had never heard him whistle before!

"How did the first day go?" Mrs. Strong asked at supper.

"Why—it was fine," Helen answered. "I believe I am going to like school this year."

Her father's eyes twinkled a little as he looked at her over his glasses.

"Did you learn anything?" he asked.

Helen looked up.

"I did!" she cried. "I learned a lot!"

Wasting Time.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

THIS morning it's awful to take time to dress,

And everything seems in a terrible mess; One stocking is missing, and so is a shoe,— Whatever on earth is a fellow to do? I've hunted around till I vow that my nose Is frozen as stiff as my fingers and toes! (Now who put that stocking up there on the shelf?

I'm certain my shoe ran away by itself.)

Oh, there it is! How did it get on that chair?

Why is it my clothes never seem to play fair?

There, bang goes my shoe-lace! And who hid my brush?

Now breakfast is ready,—I simply must rush!

What is it, you ask, that my hurry's about? Why look how it's snowing—and I must get out!

A Lesson in Efficiency.

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN.

THE door slammed, and an excited boy burst into the living-room.

"O father! Our new club is going to be an efficiency club and they want me to be president." He sank breathlessly into a chair.

His father looked up interestedly. "An efficiency club? Tell me more about it."

"We decided on that because we don't want a club devoted to any particular kind of work, and in this we make efficiency our aim. That will make us better workers and also better citizens."

Mr. Richards nodded. "I see. An excellent idea. And when are they to elect officers and frame a constitution?"

"Thursday night. And all the constitution there is to be is a set of general suggestions which will promote efficiency."

Mr. Richards looked earnestly at Warren. "May I suggest one?" he asked.

"Why certainly," Warren assented, rather surprised. "We need suggestions."

"Here it is: Never lose your temper."

Warren looked disappointed. "O father, I might have known it would be that. You never lose a chance to remind me of my temper. Well, I'm afraid that won't be a very useful suggestion. For the boys all feel as I do. We've talked it over. We think it's this way,—that if you're going to be a regular fellow, and not a wishy-washy sort, you'll have to get mad once in a while—'getting hot under the collar,' Fred calls it. Anyway, that's about behavior—it hasn't anything to do with efficiency."

Mr. Richards still looked sober. "If I show you that it does have to do with efficiency, will you reconsider your decision?"

"Why certainly," said Warren, wonderingly.

"Very well. I am going for a ride to-morrow. Do you want to go along?"

"O Dad! Of course I do. But I don't see what that has to do with losing one's temper."

"I happened to think of the two together," said Mr. Richards.

They started out early the next day. Warren had never before accompanied his

father on one of these business trips, which took him over country roads of every description. The fine car was a recent purchase, and Warren had been eager to learn to drive it. So he plied his father with questions, and learned so much that he obtained a promise to be allowed to take the wheel for himself in a few days. There was not time enough for that to-day. Indeed, for all his love of speed, Warren often found himself gasping for breath and holding to the side of the car.

On the way home he gave a sigh of relief. "Well father, you won't be able to go so fast going home. Look at those hills. It was downhill all the way out."

Mr. Richards said nothing, and Warren was quiet for a time.

All at once he sat up in excitement. "Father, see the steam coming out there—and hear that noise!"

"That's the water in the radiator boiling, my son. It's 'getting hot under the collar.'"

Warren gave his father a queer look and sank back into his seat. But he continued to watch the radiator anxiously, and finally asked, "Can't you do something for it?"

"Yes, I could stop and let it cool. But it's only hot and that ought not to make any difference. In fact, as it doesn't go well till it's warm it ought to be better when its good and hot."

They approached a hill—the steepest and last on the way home. The radiator was boiling madly, but Mr. Richards did not slacken his pace. The car chugged up the lower part of the hill fairly well, but made harder work of the next few rods, and then, as they started on the final crest, abruptly stopped. Warren was sitting bolt upright. Mr. Richards laughed. "What's the matter?"

Warren stammered, "The car—is something broken?"

"Not a thing is broken, Warren. The car is as right as it ever was, or rather it will be when it gets cooled. The only trouble is that it was overheated. And Warren, that is exactly what happens to people when they lose their temper. The blood rushes to the head, the heart beats faster,—that is where we get the expression 'hot under the collar,'—and they are exactly as efficient as this engine was. If they get too excited about it, the heart stops working and we call it apoplexy. With a small 'mad on' you may be able to keep going, just as the engine did; but as soon as something difficult comes up, like this hill, why, then you can't make it. I said the car was as good as it ever was. That isn't exactly true, for I wouldn't like to let my car get in that condition very often. I did it to-day to show you something. But continual overheating and running it like that would soon tell on it. And that is another way in which it is like a person. For a person who is continually getting angry will be harmed just as the engine is by overheating. It not only makes us inefficient at the time, but it ruins the mechanism—I think you understand." He looked at Warren lovingly.

"I understand, father." Warren was earnest too. "And I think I'll be able to make the fellows understand, too. And then, 'Never lose your temper' will be one of the first rules to go into our new constitution."



The Drummer of the Boys' Brass Band.

"S PIT on the cross, pig of an infidel, or thou shalt receive three hundred blows."

Toros stood silent and obstinate, though way in deep his boyish soul was quaking with fear, for he was wholly in the power of the cruel Turks who were about him.

They were standing in the chapel of what had once been a large French school for boys, but which had fallen into the hands of the Turks at the beginning of the war. At their feet was a marble slab covering the grave of the founder of the school; on it a cross was chiselled. It was this which Toros had been ordered to defile—in his eyes a terrible sin.

"Here! bring that one over there," ordered the officer, and a small boy was dragged to Toros' side and given the same order. The little fellow looked pitifully up in Toros' face as if to ask what he should do. Toros nodded ever so slightly to show him he must obey.

"Poor Arten," he said to himself. "He's only eight; the beating would kill him. I will take his sin upon me. But I—I am sixteen. I can stand it. Or let them kill me. I will not do this thing."

"Take him away, give him four hundred blows, and send him to the dungeon," roared the officer.

Late that night Toros lay sobbing on the ground in a dark, damp filthy cell in which there was no bed, no chair, not even a mat to keep from his body the chill of the stone floor.

He was aching all over—*dreadfully*—from his beating; he was cold, with but one thin cotton garment on him; he was, oh, so hungry, for the Turks gave the children in their care just enough food to keep them alive and no more.

He sobbed himself to sleep at last, worn out with pain. And in his dreams he was back in his village home in Armenia from which he had been driven away three years before. Dear old home! It was gone, now. And father and mother and sisters. They had died on the long, long hard march south over snow-covered mountains and through burning deserts, for the Turks wanted the Armenians to die or to get them just as far away from their old homes as they could.

The only thing left for Toros from his old life had been his Testament.

"I'm so glad I succeeded in hiding my Testament," he murmured drowsily, half waking and shivering with the cold.

"Toros, O Toros, come out, come out," screamed a dozen childish voices outside

his prison cell. What could it mean! Where were his jailers? It was the night of the day following his beating. No supper had been brought to him, and he had thought all was unusually quiet.

A moment more and the great door flew open and a crowd of children rushed in in wildest excitement.

"O Toros, the Turks have gone."

It was unbelievable but true. At the

approach of Allenby and his army the Turks of the Lebanon region, where this orphanage was, had fled. And in that great building about seven hundred children were left to their own devices. All was confusion.

Toros rose to the occasion. He and several others of the older Armenian boys soon quieted all the rest, stopped the quarrelling between Kurds and Armenians, and brought order out of the confusion.

Before very long, two Armenian relief workers were put in charge of this orphanage by the new French Military Governor. What a change in the life of those poor children, who had suffered more than American children can possibly imagine! No more cruel beatings; plenty to eat, warm clothes and beds, the kindest of teachers, the chance to learn something!

Dr. Wirt of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief visited that orphanage not long ago. A holiday was given in his honor: a brass band made up of boys from ten to sixteen years of age played for him the Armenian national air and then "The Star-Spangled Banner" while the children cheered. And who played the big bass drum?

Our friend Toros!

Wouldn't you like to help some other Armenian boy who has suffered as much as Toros has, to have a happy home like his in this Near East Relief Orphanage?

A Tough Proposition.

BY M. M. PARKS.

"MOTHER, I just can't wait till supper," groaned Rob.

"Go ask Norah for a piece of bread and butter."

"I'd nearly rather starve. She's so cross."

"It was only Monday, wasn't it, that you ran through the kitchen with muddy feet just after she had scrubbed it?"

"Now, mother, you know that whole Fifth Street gang was after me, and they put rocks in their snowballs. That's no fair. And not one of our fellows in sight. I had to make cover as quick as I could."

"If you had explained to Norah instead of saying what you did?"

"Mother, you know I didn't mean that. It just popped into my head and I'm sure to say what I think when I am excited."

He edged into the kitchen, and returned presently with a huge piece of bread and butter and a cowed look.

"Honestly, mother, she 'most takes away my appetite."

"Not quite, I see," answered his mother, watching the bread disappear. "It's good bread, isn't it?"

"Deed it is. Wish I had another piece."

"Did you ever tell her how good it is?"

"Why, no, mother. What for? She knows it, doesn't she?"

"Then it is only when you are excited that you say what you think," answered mother, with a twinkle. "Norah is the best cook and the best worker we ever have had. One reason she is so irritable is because she works too hard. She does more than I want her to. She takes an interest. It would be a misfortune if we should lose her."

"I don't want her to leave. I never meant to make her mad one single time. Honestly, I don't know how to act. It's a tough proposition."

"It is a problem; but I believe you can work it out just as you did that hard arithmetic problem."

"You gave me a hint, mother; and you told me what rule governed it."

"There is one great rule that governs all our dealings with other people. It is called the law of kindness."

Rob stared; then he had a flash of recollection. "What do you think, mother? I made a hundred in English test to-day."

Mother made no reply. She did not even look up from her work.

"You act as if you didn't care a cent," he grumbled.

"Why, Rob! You know I care. Why should I say so?"

Rob looked astonished; then sheepish. He flushed, and grinned, and lay down on the couch with his face to the wall. He did not speak again till supper-time. He was in a brown study.

There were waffles for supper; and when Norah brought in the first plateful, Rob said, with a droll look at his mother, "Some of the fellows were bragging yesterday about the things they get to eat, but I told 'em if they ever tasted one of Norah's waffles they'd forever after hold their peace."

Norah nearly dropped the plate. "Aw, go 'way wid yer blarney," she said gruffly, as she scuttled away to the kitchen.

Rob looked disconcerted, but his mother smiled. "She is pleased. That's just her way," she signaled with her lips and eyes.

Father missed this by-play, but he responded magnificently, "Only one thing is better than Norah's waffles, and that's her biscuits."

Thus encouraged, Rob ventured again. "The trouble with Norah's biscuits is that they melt in your mouth so you don't feel sure you are eating anything," he averred, turning his head so that his voice would carry clearly through the open door.

He had forgotten all about this when he came home from school at night and edged his way cautiously into the kitchen. There was a napkin-covered tray on the table.

"Anybody sick?" he asked.

Norah twitched the napkin off. On the tray was a huge piece of bread and butter, a glass of creamy milk, and a generous chunk of the spice-cake that Rob called his favorite vegetable.

"Now if ye'll get yerself outside o' that mebbe ye'll not be pesterin me any more till supper-time," she snapped; but there was a roguish look in her eye.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

ALTO STREET,
BELFAST, ME.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club. I have a brother who also would like to. We go to the Unitarian church. We are going to have a Halloween Party to-night.

I am eleven years old and am in the seventh grade. My brother is nine years old and in the fourth grade.

We would like to belong to the Club very much.

Yours truly,
EVELYN KNOWLTON.

82 FOUNTAIN STREET,
HAVERHILL, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I am seven years old, and am in the third grade. I would like a Beacon Club pin. I like my lessons on "Living Together."

Yours truly,
PHILIP S. GARDNER.

"Honestly, I like Norah, mother," he said comfortably, half an hour later. "I just thought I didn't."

"And the tough proposition?"

"Easy as pie," chuckled Rob. "I thought I didn't like her and that she didn't like me; but the minute I began to act as if I liked her and what she did, it was all over. We'll get along all right now, you see if we don't."

"Little Friend of all the World."

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

"WHAT a homely child!" I thought as I walked into the railroad waiting-room and saw the little red-headed, snub-nosed boy playing beside his mother's knee. "Dirty too," I added, rather disgustedly, I fear, instinctively comparing him with the dainty little princess-like person near whom I seated myself.

And immediately forgetting the little fellow I set myself to work to get into the good graces of the little Princess.

But the Princess would have none of me. First she stared coldly, then she frowned upon my advances, and finally she hid her face definitely in her nurse's lap.

In the mean time the little boy, evidently interested in my antics, had drawn near. And as I turned away, decidedly chagrined, if the truth must be told, there he stood waiting for me—all one cheerful friendly smile. As I smiled involuntarily in response, he offered, in pantomime, to share with me the stickiest mass of candy that I ever saw.

I smiled more broadly still,—to take off the sting of my refusal,—and pretty soon everybody else in the room was smiling too. Who could help it in the face of that radiant snub-nosed little grin with which he regarded each one of us in turn while repeating his offer.

"He's a regular 'Little Friend of All

the World' isn't he?" I said half-aloud, as I thought of Kipling's Kim; and the lady on one side of me answered, "Yes, he's a little haven of friendliness in this room full of tired, indifferent people. They will all remember him, and smile as they do so—maybe at some other stranger. Oh, how I wish that all the homely awkward boys and girls in this world who are suffering because 'nobody likes them' and some people 'look down upon' them could be right here and see what a friendly smile and a cheery heart can win in the line of popularity. Nobody notices the little Princess now, you see, but the boy is truly, as you say, 'The Little Friend of All the World.'"

When the Sun Tells the Clouds Good-Night.

BY SAIDEE GERARD RUTHAUFF.

HORSES and chariots all my own,
And castles as big as the sea,
And angels afloat on rainbow wings,—
And they all belong to me!
Automobiles that are painted red,
Birdies all fluffy and white,
And fairies adream in a golden bed
When the sun tells the clouds good-night!

Dresses bespangled and fit for a queen,
Oh, yes! and a Christmas tree
All lighted with candles from head to foot,—

And they all belong to me.
Pussy-cats, many as I can hold,—
Purple and crimson and white,—
And a prince on a steed all trapped with gold
When the sun tells the clouds good-night!

For Ruby Singh, Khasi Hills, India

The First Unitarian Church School
at Washington, D.C. \$1.00
Howard Sunday-school, Bulfinch
Place Church, Boston. 1.50
Who will be the next on the list?



TYNGBORO, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I belong to the Unitarian church and Sunday school. I read *The Beacon* and I enjoy it very much. I read the stories and do the puzzles. I am twelve years old.

I live in the country, and in the summer I go outdoors, in the fields, and take my *Beacons*, and if I have read them or done the puzzles, I do them over again. I live on a large farm, and we have horses and cows and ponies, hens and chickens, geese, ducks, pigeons, calves, and everything but turkeys, I guess.

I wish to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button. With much pride for the Club and other members.

Your true friend,
HULDAH MCLOON.

New members in Massachusetts are Edith M. Quinn, Cambridge; Lois Robbins, Carlisle; Thelma Dexter, Dover; Langdon W. Curry, Fall River; Florence I. Turner and Martha Woodbury, Hopedale; Alton Bailey, Middleboro; R. Brooks Piper, Newton Centre; Marion Phinney, Pittsfield; Morgan Sargent, Quincy; Hazel Pillsbury, Rockland; Loring D. Collier, West Somerville.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XIX.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 6, 7, 8, 23, 20, is what we are when we are happy.
My 5, 25, 27, is a drink.
My 1, 24, 29, 27, 8, children and horses are very fond of.
My 9, 16, 23, 9, 17, 30, is a geometrical figure.
My 2, 4, 22, is the opposite of dry.
My 3, 10, 30, is the organ of sight.
My 15, 24, 19, 5, 25, 8, is made from milk.
My 13, 14, 11, 21, 20, is the opposite of quiet.
My 26, 18, 28, 12, is what people make at auctions.
My whole is a familiar quotation from Shakespeare.

E. O. S.

ENIGMA XX.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 9, 10, 11, is to divide.
My 7, 8, 4, is a kind of metal.
My 7, 2, 3, is a unit of weight.
My 6, 2, 7, is a small bed.
My 5, 11, 1, is a frequently-used abbreviation.
My whole is one of the States on the Atlantic Coast.

RACHEL K. YOUNG.

ARRANGING THE DIGITS.

Arrange the nine digits in the nine squares so that their sum, counted every way, shall be 15.



E. S. C.

TWISTED RIVERS.

1. Sispimspisi.
 2. Isriuoms.
 3. Oir Eanrgd.
 4. Roacoldo.
 5. Hioo.
 6. Abellumo.
 7. Eakns.
 8. Tuconenit.
 9. Awerale.
 10. Tobscenep.
- WILLIAM HARDY
AND
JOSEPH TENNEY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 8.

ENIGMA XV.—Speak, for thy servant heareth.
ENIGMA XVI.—General Pershing.
BEHEADINGS.—1. Acorn, corn. 2. Kale, ale.
3. Yawl, awl. 4. Jail, ail. 5. Grain, rain. 6. Cheat, heat.

TWISTED CITIES.—1. Vienna. 2. Bombay. 3. Buenos Aires. 4. Brussels. 5. Edinburgh. 6. Cairo. 7. Jerusalem. 8. Damascus. 9. Calcutta. 10. Marseilles. 11. Manchester. 12. Salt Lake City.

CHARADE.—Wordsworth.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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